

THE COMMONWEAL

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LOAVES AND FISHES

SUCH newspapers as were able to find room for a news item having no apparent connection with the flood of political, economic and crime news with which today they are struggling, recently published a brief despatch from Vatican City, presumably because of its archaeological interest. Yet for many readers not particularly concerned with archaeology, the brief item was luminous with a deep and vital significance which throws a strange light upon all the other news of this troubled time of ours. The despatch in question told of the discovery, near Tiberius, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, of the remains of a church built on the spot where Christ miraculously multiplied the loaves and fishes in order to feed the five thousand men, women and children who had followed Him into the wilderness "because they saw the miracles which He did on them that were diseased." There has always been a tradition that the Church which Jesus created to continue, under His guidance, His work of love and justice on earth, built one of its temples on the very spot where the multitude was fed. And now the remains of that church have been found under seven feet of earth, at the edge of a mountain close to the sea. Mosaics surround a stone which marks the place of

the miracle, depicting amid symbolic decorations the loaves and fishes and baskets which figure in the story told by Saint John in his Gospel. The complete story of the discovery, which was made by Father Mader, director of the German Oriental Institute of Jerusalem, is to be published in the *Illustrazione Vaticana*.

We shall leave the discussion of the archaeological aspects of the matter to those qualified for it. It is open to the layman, however, to remark upon the increasing number of instances in which the narratives of both the Old and the New Testaments have received corroboration of late years from many archaeological expeditions in the Holy Land. It is also open to the layman to observe and to comment upon the vast increase of late, not merely of scientific confirmation of biblical history, but of what is much more important, namely, the increase of the desire, and of the need, of humanity for that which gives the Bible its unique and irreplaceable value, the religion of Christ. Again, as in Galilee two thousand years ago, multitudes are turning in their distress of body and mind and soul toward God. Their human leaders and prophets and masters and kings and counselors have failed them. Again, too, they are hungry, multitudes being even at the starva-

tion point. Only now they are hungry, and starving, not because there are only a few loaves and fishes (and "what are these among so many"?)—but today, on the contrary, they are hungry, and even starving, amidst fabulous plenty. Granaries are stuffed to bursting point with wheat and corn. The land overflows, so to speak, with milk and honey, with fruits and vegetables, with human food that is so overplentiful that it is left ungathered, or even deliberately destroyed or spoiled to keep it away from markets so glutted, or so mismanaged, that it is worthless.

That is to say, it is worthless according to the standard of values of our present business system. It does not pay anybody, except perhaps a few skilful or lucky middlemen, or speculators, to deal with it. In many states the farmers are even at war among themselves; some seeking to combine in a movement to starve the cities into making a bargain with the producers or their staple foods which will keep the farmers from being ruined despite (or because of) the abundance of their products; while other farmers, disagreeing with the strikers, as to their methods, though not with the facts of the situation, contend against them, even to physical violence.

While the terrific tempest which for a time threatened to overthrow our whole economic system in one vast, complicated breakdown, has unquestionably moderated, there seems to be no real assurance that anything better than a mere pause in the storm has happened. It may be, and everybody save the Communists must hope that it is, a real improvement; the faint beginnings of an upward swing of the business cycle. But whether it be that, or only that strange moment of calm which comes in the midst of a violent hurricane—one terrible fact remains for the consideration of all sensible people, namely, that still there are multitudes hungry, and at the point of starvation. They are begging to be fed. No miracle of multiplication of available food is now required. It is a case where distribution of that food, and distribution of the means of livelihood, is called for. And the need is bitterly, almost appallingly, urgent. People are hungering in body and mind and soul. They must be fed, or else an enormous catastrophe afflicting millions and many millions of helpless and now well-nigh hopeless human beings, right here in the United States of America—not in far away China or Russia or Armenia or Africa—must inevitably occur.

With a sort of horrified, yet faintly egotistical, disgust, we read, only a few years ago, of the homeless hordes of Russian children roaming under the feet of the Bolsheviks, living like rats in dark holes and corners. Such things, we thought, could only be possible in the land of the godless Bolsheviks, amid the ruins wrought by revolution which had torn down all the institutions of the former social system of that strange country. Yet today we too have at least the beginning of a somewhat similar condition. Tens of thousands of homeless boys—nobody knows how many, but in-

vestigations made in various parts of the country show that fifty thousand or more is not an unreasonable guess—are today roving through the land. Among them are many former college students and high school pupils; the greater proportion seem to be at least common school boys. Their homes have been broken up, or else they have voluntarily left them to seek jobs which are as difficult to find as the proverbial needle in the hay stack. They are shunted on from town to town, from state to state; half-starving, thrown among professional tramps, and criminals, and degenerates. At one spot alone, in Arizona, last winter, thirty-five young men and boys were removed from box cars of freight trains seriously ill, many in an advanced stage of pneumonia. What the total will be this coming winter is a thought which darkens the soul of every social worker and clergyman, or hospital official, aware of the situation. And how many thousands of other boys, and girls as well, will be driven into the ranks of this homeless horde of young people can at present only be conjectured.

Yet this development is merely one feature—though a very sinister one—of the general situation. The statistics for August, relating to unemployment, and to relief work among the unemployed, show no, or very minor, signs of betterment. All that can be said about the employment situation, despite the local spots where factories or shops have opened again, or enlarged their staffs, is that the figures remained stationary for the country as a whole—at least so far as the report of the Federation of Labor is concerned. But unemployment relief funds have been badly depleted. The task which faces Mr. Newton D. Baker and his associates who will direct the efforts to refill the community chests is a stupendous one.

That the Catholic Church, in continuance of the work of her Founder, will labor to feed the starving people with all her might, with all her heart and soul, can be taken for granted. Yes, that is true; but in believing so, and in saying so, we wonder whether we Catholics sufficiently realize what we mean—or should mean—when we say, "the Church"? Do we not often think of the Church as we think, say, of "the government"? Do we not often fail to realize, in the one case, as in the other, our own personal share in its work, and its responsibility? Do we not stand by idle, and often grumbling, while we wait for the bishops, say, or our parish clergy, to "do something about it"? Do we go to those bishops and the clergy to volunteer for action, to join the societies and organizations through which Catholic Action today must chiefly operate? Are we too often concerned mainly with the thought of our own share in any loaves or fishes that may be going to give thought to that hungering multitude for whom Christ worked His miracle?

Certainly, however, He does not ask us to work miracles for that multitude—but He, and His Church, does demand that we share what we have with others who lack what we have.

WEEK BY WEEK

LABOR DAY is still a little early for the campaign show, but those who wish to corral a ringside seat usually get to the scene of action then. It is already apparent that Republicanism will present few if any novelties. According to the latest despatches, even Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's act has been called off owing to tepid enthusiasm on the part of the performer. Secretary Hurley and other selected Cabinet members have now completed a course of training and may be expected to serve as monologue artists. The stage management has apparently been confided again to the old timers, from Senator Moses down. It is likely that Mr. Curtis will refrain from discussing eggs or bacon, the idea being that the public taste for comedy is waning in these stressful times. The big feature, however, will be a tableau revealing Mr. Hoover in several poses as Siegfried grappling manfully with the dragon depression. In view of the dimensions of the monster, it is not surprising that the hero should be attended with a considerable retinue, of secretaries, advisers, boards, commissions and corporations. The chief difficulty is the American predilection for happy endings. Of course nobody expects to see the dragon laid low by November 6. But he must at least look as if he were gasping for breath, if the public is to be restrained from wanting its money back. Whether he will or not seems to depend upon the weather.

MEANWHILE the Democrats are still hard at work assembling a cast. Mr. Roosevelt has acted these past weeks in the difficult part of superintendent of morals to Manhattan. This rôle seems to have been forced on him, less because of Republican connivance than by reason of Jimmie Walker's sovereign indifference to bank accounts and Tammany's failure to push home rule to its logical conclusions. Nevertheless, the part being what it is, Mr. Roosevelt has acted superbly well. But judgment is out of place until the final gesture, unpredictable now that the Mayor has abruptly resigned. Meanwhile several temperamental stars—Governor Ritchie, Mr. Baker, Governor Ely and others—have reported. But the show is in jeopardy until Al Smith makes up his mind to join. We ourselves hope he does soon, with gusto and conviction. That his own political fortunes have been clouded by developments not of his making is as clear to the nation as daylight itself. But the great desire of the American people is for better government, to be secured only through honest and intelligent management of a party. For better or worse Al has always been, and must remain, a Democrat. He can serve genuine civic advancement in no other guise. Wherefore we find it in our hearts to say—with the conviction that we speak for hundreds of thousands—"Come on, Al!" Some men the nation cannot afford to lose.

ACCORDING to Premier Tascherau, Americans have disobligingly consumed so much less liquor during the past year that the province of Quebec is in a financial hole. We wish nobody any hard luck but, if the mind of many towns along the border is any criterion, the province had it coming.

Quebec
Loses

Thanks to prohibition and other follies, Canada was endowed with a golden goose of the finest pedigree, equipped to lay eggs at a veritably fabulous rate. Naturally there were some inconveniences attached. Ale-drinking tourists are sometimes an obstreperous lot, Canadian currency now and then sells a bit below par, and the clear northern air is frequently besmirched with clouds of dust from the roads. These were, however, small items to compare with a steady influx of gold, irrigated by which Quebec business allowed thousands to prosper and grow fat. Wherefore one might have expected relative satisfaction. Instead there was sponsored a thoroughgoing program to mulct the American in every way possible. Taxes were levied on precisely those objects which he would be inclined to purchase or use. Up went the price of a gallon of gas, a meal, a drink. After all not even an American is thirsty or foolish enough to put up with that sort of thing indefinitely. And to cap the climax there came, if reports are correct, a new race of customs official as different from the old, courteous British colonial as one can imagine—a race given in the first instance to petty officiousness and in the second to a code palpably ridiculous. Under such circumstances we hope the Quebec deficit lasts long enough to give Premier Tascherau a sound jolt.

GRANTED that there are enough people with intellectual interests listening to radio programs (which after all may be the case), it follows that something must be done about them. Ordinarily the commercial advertisers can do little. They wish to sell a product, and that seems to depend upon getting a huge supply of hearers and then drumming into their heads some one seductive word—e.g., Camel or Listerine. But, fortunately or otherwise, the said drumming is easier to perform when the auditing craniums offer little resistance. Accordingly some other agency must supply the matter likely to appeal not to the high-brow but to the ordinary thoughtful citizen whose soul is not content to wallow in oceans of jazz and among schools of bad jokes. We have already referred to the work being done by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education. Now opportunity presents itself to say that for the coming fall months the committee has arranged two series of brief talks on civic problems, to be delivered for the most part by professors, since the object of the lectures is educational. The first, to run through September and October, will discuss government in a depression, stressing such issues as constructive governmental economy, unemployment

Learning
by
Radio

and the vote. The second, to be given during November and December, will be devoted almost exclusively to a detailed consideration of what is meant by constructive economy. Naturally we should not be willing to endorse in advance all that the several lecturers may say, but the committee's idea seems to us eminently right and really calculated to help the progress of intelligent interest in the American community.

THE ANNUAL Labor Sunday message of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was an important and pointed statement. In one sense it is of course not true that it was a paraphrase of the encyclical on social order issued last year by Pope Pius XI. There can be no doubt but that the message of the Federal Council was the result of the original research and judgment of leading Protestant clergymen. In another sense, however, it is true that the message is a brief resumé emphasizing one point of the encyclical. This is a point that strikes terror to the heart of many of the less thoughtful wealthy. They envisage it simply as leading up to some process by which the "have-nots" will summarily appropriate goods of the "haves," and this they instinctively are ready to resist at almost any cost. The point which the council emphasizes is that "the gross inequality between the incomes on the one hand of those who toil in factory, mine, farm and office and of those who by inheritance or privilege of ownership or speculative investment derive an income not earned by actual service" is the greatest obstacle to an ideal social order.

THE MESSAGE continued: "The concentration of wealth carries with it a dangerous concentration of power. It leads to conflict and violence. To suppress the symptoms of this inherent conflict while leaving the fundamental causes of it untouched is neither sound statesmanship nor Christian good-will." The usual analysis is given of why the too unequal distribution of wealth is a bad thing—"it does not furnish enough purchasing power to the masses to balance consumption and production in our machine age." The very lack of novelty of this analysis is what makes it important. Here another great agency for affecting public opinion is emphasizing it, and emphasizing at the same time that the way out is by peaceful, and humane and coöperative efforts of all classes. Of course the solution is not in taking away from the "haves." Competent statisticians have pointed out that this would not make any appreciable difference to the numerous poor and near poor. The solution is in the realization of fundamentals set forth by the great guardians of the common weal and the creation of a new social order. With relatively prosperous masses able to buy the products of our prodigal modern plants, then dividends for owners and capitalists will be paid again. In the creation of this new social order, government will necessarily play a major part. This is not ominous;

government, good government, is after all no more than the medium for the loyal and intelligent coöperative action of a community.

IN ONE respect at least man is superior to Old Sol. He can subject that dignitary, from whom he derives light and the chance to live, to the same methods with which he handles toothpaste or halitosis. A total eclipse, for instance, is a magnificent spectacle. It also has the effect of reawakening in us forgotten primitive fears which beset our forefathers untutored in astronomy, when they beheld the darkening of the sun at noonday and witnessed the gleaming of that halo from which Christianity derived its symbol for the highest spiritual luminousness. But the eclipse is certainly not nature's most resplendent performance. It is to be compared neither with an average northern sunset, nor to a desert night agleam with stars, nor to a light snowfall on the sea. The advantage it has is relative rarity of occurrence and scientific interest, which last depends far less upon the panorama than upon chemical curiosity as to what may be the formation of solar gases. This year the press again succeeded in equipping millions of citizens with smoked glass, crowding the top of every city building and even persuading thousands to skip off to the north woods. And therefore we have enjoyed the fact that neighbors, who would never think of watching the evening skies or rising to get the thrill of dawn, patiently and obediently turn nature students for an hour and some minutes.

IT IS no longer news when a scientist questions the all-sufficiency of science, theoretical or applied. But for all of that, it is still welcome. If our race is to recover its balance in this matter, and learn to impose the philosophical and practical limitations which would make the fruits of the laboratory the blessing Providence intended them to be, we must first corporately assemble the right principles on the subject: which means, pretty nearly, that we must change the present color of the corporate mind. That is a long process, and not an easy one: and the services of the "converted" expert are an extremely important aid in carrying it on. Thanks are due, therefore, to the distinguished scientist, Sir Alfred Ewing, for his professions of honest doubt during the course of his opening speech to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He reviewed the triumphs of the era of applied mechanics—most of which his own career has covered, for he is seventy-seven years old—frankly from the viewpoint of one who has lost a tremendous original enthusiasm for them, and is uncertain whether, after all, mankind has not taken "a wrong turning." In his own words, "man was ethically unprepared for so great a bounty. . . . The command of nature has been put into his hands before he knows how to command himself." This does not conclude the address, which

we recommend to our readers in its entirety, but perhaps it is suggestive enough. Recently a bishop in the Church of England called for a moratorium on science, on precisely these grounds. Those who disallow what a bishop says, because he is a bishop, may be disposed to pay heed when a great engineer says substantially the same thing.

RELIGIOUS PERFIDY

THOSE whom religiously motivated intolerance concerns have at least the sad comfort that its ravages are limited to no time and place. We in the United States have our sorry share. Several other countries are already witnessing a conflict less between different religions than between faith and unbelief. Meanwhile it seems to be Germany which most closely resembles our own country. That the Bruening government was bitterly opposed on confessional grounds is hardly news. Long before the Chancellor himself was "fired" in a manner still inexplicable, he had to give way before an attack upon one of his associates in the Cabinet by angry Lutherans. Bruening's own departure was clearly due, in a measure, to skilfully fomented opposition to a man who not only represented a fine type of the Catholic life (notice General Von Schleicher's comment on the Chancellor's asceticism) but who was suspected of serving the Catholic cause. Here the most important point at issue was the claim that the break-up of large East Prussian estates into small farm settlements was bringing Catholic farmers from Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces into the very citadel of German Protestantism. As a matter of fact, many of the families it was proposed to settle in the east were Catholics, but their coming was merely convenient propaganda material in the hands of those who wished to prevent the passing of the old caste of landholders.

We do not believe that these things are widely denied in Germany. Nor do they constitute a novelty. During the years which followed the war, it was again and again declared that the German government had failed to take advantage of the papal peace note of 1917 because of unwillingness to coöperate with the Holy See. But the circumstances under which the negotiations were conducted happened to be so complicated and veiled that full knowledge of what had occurred could not be secured until a great deal of research had been done. Indeed, were it not for the interest which all Germany naturally takes in the causes of the war and its outcome, the needed information would be as hard to come by as the secret chronicle of a great American corporation. But Friedrich Von Lama, whose history of modern Vatican diplomacy appeared some years ago, has toiled indefatigably for many years and now emerges with a book, "Die Friedensvermittlung Papst Benedickt XV" (published by Kösel and Pustet, Munich), which definitively adds another chapter to the narrative of No Popery.

It is, of course, impossible to deal fully here with this

interesting and complicated alignment of evidence. When the papal plea for peace appeared, the retreat of Bethmann-Hollweg caught the German government unprepared to fill the tremendously important office of chancellor. The upshot was the appointment of a minor official, Dr. Michaelis, who opened the Bible to see if his eye would light on a passage urging him to accept and then reached the conclusion that the answer was affirmative. Shortly thereafter the diplomatic correspondence with Rome began. Reichstag, G.H.G. and the Emperor had alike counseled the necessity for making peace speedily, and they placed no obstacles in the way of the government. But the Chancellor hesitated—indeed, for his activity there is really only one adequate term, he "crawfished." The whole effort came to naught. To be sure it is not possible to say that the papal overtures would actually have led to peace. But undoubtedly the failure to seize upon this chance must be attributed to Michaelis. And why did he fail? Von Lama is able to reconstruct from a mass of documentary evidence a clear demonstration of the probability that the Chancellor, abetted and spurred on by his extremist Protestant friends, was unwilling to accept the offer made by the Head of the Catholic Church.

This conclusion must be tested by criticism before it can be swallowed whole. We are now positively certain, however, at this tragic moment in the history of a great nation petty religious differences hampered action that might have led to safety. Now it may be that under German conditions a good share of these differences are specifically political in character. The Center party is not merely the representative of the Church. It is also an organization having partizan character and objectives. Consequently men may oppose it and therefore Catholicism, without necessarily being antagonistic to the Church. There is not a little evidence on this matter, since even the *Kulturkampf* of Bismarck's time may have originated in a fight for political supremacy. Nevertheless such motives are never of primary importance in tragic hours of a nation's life. Then deeper, more religious feelings are far more likely to influence opinion.

In an introduction supplied by the publishers of Von Lama's book, there are numerous quotations from Protestant papers on the subject of Bruening's dismissal. In one of these it was declared that the present objective was "to put German civic life once more under Protestant guiding principles." Unwillingness to accept even triumph over calamity from the hands of a Catholic leader manifestly played its part in recent events just as it once did, according to Von Lama, in determining the course of the war. Of course all this does indicate that Germany is not so unifiedly nationalistic as are some other lands. But at what a price has this dubious advantage been secured! The American who looks on from a distance may derive no end of reflections of importance to his own civic situation and responsibility.

THE G. O. P. VERSUS GARNER

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THE LATE Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall was fond of telling the following story: "Once there were two brothers. One ran away to sea, the other was elected Vice-President, and nothing was ever heard of either of them again."

If Mr. Marshall were alive today, however, it is probable that he would have to revise his story, for just now the American electorate is witnessing a spectacle practically without parallel—a presidential campaign in which a vice-presidential candidate is a real issue.

The verbal barrage which Republican orators and publicity men are training on Speaker John N. Garner is something to amaze anyone accustomed to having vice-presidential candidates regarded as in the category of legal technicalities. Heretofore, the general attitude has been that the Constitution specifies there must be a Vice-President; hence there must be vice-presidential candidates—but what of it?

Quite recently, a group of politicians and newspaper men were gossiping in Washington. Someone asked if any of those present could name the Vice-Presidents and defeated vice-presidential candidates of either major party back to the election of 1900. Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge were recalled instantly, because each became President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's vice-presidential candidacy in 1920 was remembered by the newspaper men who had been brushing up on his biography since he was nominated for the Presidency. There was more hesitancy before mention was made of Charles G. Dawes and Senator Robinson of Arkansas, both still prominent in the national arena. Vice-President Curtis as both incumbent and candidate was recalled without difficulty.

But there the informal roll-call stopped. There were men in this gathering who had been candidates for Congress in elections from 1912 on, but they could not remember their vice-presidential candidates. Likewise there were correspondents who had covered national campaigns over the same period.

Then someone asked: "Well, if any of us are alive thirty-two years hence, do you think there will be any difficulty in remembering that Garner ran for Vice-President in 1932?"

The consensus was that this fact could not be forgotten, and therein lies the reason why the current campaign is different from others which have gone before.

Technically speaking, Mr. Garner is campaigning against Vice-President Curtis while Mr. Roosevelt is

What is a Vice-President? One thing according to the Constitution; nothing in so far as the major business of the nation is concerned? Mr. Murphy speculates on these questions in the following paper, but argues that in at least one respect the office promises to become important. Mr. Garner is widely looked upon as a gentleman of very radical persuasions. Republican leadership has manifested a tendency to point to that fact as pioneer grandmothers pointed out a tipster to their offspring. Upon whether or not this maneuver succeeds, a goodly portion of campaigning seems to depend.—The Editors.

running against Mr. Hoover. That situation, however, would hardly be suspected from the manner in which the campaign is being conducted. Instead the impression is given that Mr. Garner is running against Mr. Hoover and the entire Republican party—in other words that the choice is be-

tween retaining the present administration for another four years, or turning the government over to Mr. Garner.

There are superficial reasons, of course, why Garner should be more prominent than the run-of-mine vice-presidential candidate. During the past session of Congress he has been Speaker of the House, an office usually and accurately described as second in power and responsibility only to the Presidency. As Democratic Speaker, Mr. Garner has been in frequent and bitter conflict with the Republican President, Mr. Hoover. Naturally, the subject-matter of some of those controversies has now been converted into campaign issues.

However, the fact remains that Mr. Garner is not competing with Mr. Hoover for the Presidency. Yet the obvious objective of the Republican strategists is to draw comparisons between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Garner. Mr. Hoover himself set the stage for such comparison even before Garner was nominated, when the President denounced the Speaker's relief bill as the greatest pork barrel ever presented to an American Congress. Since the nominations the same theme has been played with infinite variations by Ogden L. Mills, Patrick J. Hurley and others of the administration oratorical shock troops.

When Mr. Hoover made his denunciation of the relief bill there was still a possibility, albeit remote, that Mr. Garner might be chosen to head the Democratic ticket. However, even at that stage, it was almost inevitable that Mr. Roosevelt would be the Democratic standard bearer, and Mr. Roosevelt certainly had nothing to do with the Garner relief bill. Indeed, there were well-fortified rumors about the Capitol during the closing days of the last session that Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers hoped fervently that the Speaker would not lay too much emphasis upon the relief program. Some of the reasons tending to confirm the authenticity of such reports are now materializing.

One of these reasons was dragged into the light recently by James A. Farley, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, in his radio denunciation of the "whispering campaign" which, he said, is being

waged against Roosevelt because of the latter's physical condition. That such a whispering campaign is in progress can be doubted by no one who pays the slightest attention to the currents of national politics. What the source of the campaign may be is another question. For present purposes, it is a question which need not be solved even if that were feasible. It is entirely clear, however, that once the question of the physical condition of the presidential candidate is raised, the vice-presidential candidate becomes vastly more important than he is in a normal campaign. So, perhaps, it is natural that the Republican artillery should be trained upon Garner.

In one respect Garner has both an advantage and a disadvantage in his technical duel with Curtis. The Speaker, during the past six months had been in the thick of some of the most bitter political struggles witnessed by any Congress in recent years. With a theoretical control of the House—by a margin of less than half a dozen votes at any time—he has been held responsible for the gyrations of that unruly body. He has been handicapped by a following which has been out of power for so long that it does not appreciate the value of disciplined party action. He has met with dramatic defeats—the rejection of the sales tax and the sabotaging of the Democratic economy bill, to mention only the most spectacular.

Meanwhile Mr. Curtis has been safely immured in the Vice-Presidency. His name has appeared in headlines chiefly in connection with developments of the whimsical social war between his half-sister, Mrs. E. E. Gann, and Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. In the Senate his chief preoccupation has been rather strenuous gavel-pounding in an effort to maintain a semblance of order in that dignified body. If the Republican Senate broke away from the administration—as it did on countless occasions during the farm relief and tariff battles at the outset of the Hoover régime—no one ever thought of blaming the Vice-President for the debacles. He had no more responsibility for these startling parliamentary upsets than the chief doorkeeper. At least that is the current attitude toward the Vice-Presidency.

Objectively and historically, however, there is much in common in the legislative careers of Speaker Garner and Vice-President Curtis. Both are legislative veterans. Mr. Curtis entered the House in 1893 and was promoted to the Senate in 1907 where, save for a two-year interim from 1913 to 1915, he remained until he was elected Vice-President in 1928. Mr. Garner, a comparative youngster, did not enter Congress until 1903, after a term in the Texas Legislature where he superintended a redistricting of his state to carve out a congressional district which he could carry—and which he has carried without difficulty in each succeeding election.

The two vice-presidential aspirants have other characteristics in common besides length of legislative service. Each has demonstrated a superlative ability to

look after his individual political fortunes. Curtis as Representative and Senator from Kansas was considered practically unbeatable in his district and state until he reached for higher honors. Garner has been so securely ensconced in his Texas district that for years he has never found it necessary to make a campaign speech.

Both Garner and Curtis during their respective legislative careers have operated on the theory that a satisfied constituency is the best insurance of reelection, and never have any two sets of constituents been better cared for than those whom the two vice-presidential candidates represented. Garner, after he became ranking Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee, and as Speaker, took a leading part in the formation of tariff and tax legislation. With that exception, however—and that dictated by his position—neither Garner nor Curtis has ever been prominently identified with important national legislation. Save for the so-called Garner relief bill, which was actually introduced by Representative Rainey of Illinois, the statute books may be searched in vain for laws bearing the name of either Curtis or Garner. Nor has this been from lack of opportunity. Curtis, for many years, was Republican leader in the Senate; his party was in power during more than half of his legislative service. Garner was a potent figure during the Wilson administrations. Other men with far less opportunity to court the legislative limelight have fathered measures which are remembered many years later. Neither Garner nor Curtis seemed to be interested in such matters.

Both men are inherently conservative and their legislative records prove it. That emphasizes one of the humorous aspects of the current campaign, to portray Garner as a wild-eyed radical. Actually, one of the most potent of the reasons dictating his selection for the vice-presidential candidacy was a desire on the part of influential Democrats to provide a conservative anchor to windward of the suspected liberalism of Franklin Roosevelt. The Garner relief (or "pork barrel") measure, usually cited as the epitome of radicalism, is actually nothing of the sort. Even in its original form there is nothing in it which violated traditional American practices. His proposal for a \$100,000,000 emergency relief fund to be administered at the discretion of the President was exactly the same kind of a fund which Mr. Hoover sought and personally administered for the benefit of starving Europeans during the post war era. His proposal for loans from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for self-liquidating private projects upon adequate security was first suggested by Mr. Hoover himself—in his annual message to Congress, in his letter to the American Society of Engineers, and in his personal address to the Senate during the closing days of the tax bill fight. The third feature of the Garner bill, the proposed billion-dollar construction program—with each projected expenditure individually listed for the edification of local interests—may be "pork" but it is far from radicalism.

It was exactly the same kind of thing that has been done in every omnibus river and harbor improvement bill, in every general public building bill, which has been passed by Congress since the memory of man runneth not. There is nothing radical about "pork" in Washington.

Neither Garner nor Curtis are ever classed among the oratorical stars of Congress. Both are far more impressive in committee meetings or at small gatherings around tables where far more of the nation's business is transacted than upon the floors of the Senate or House. For years in the Senate, as majority leader, Curtis restricted his oratorical endeavors to rising at the end of each session and saying: "Mr. President, I move that the Senate do now adjourn."

During the 1928 campaign, Mr. Curtis embarked upon a rather ambitious speaking tour but it was not particularly successful. In addition to losing his temper and telling one listener that the latter was "too damn dumb" to understand the Republican form of farm relief program, Curtis became obsessed with the benefits conferred upon the nation through the Republican protective tariff on eggs. "And what about eggs?" he shouted, until his campaign sobriquet of "Egg Charley" became inevitable. Curtis is out of character when he undertakes oratory and, in consequence, his efforts tend toward banality.

Garner, on the other hand, while he ranks far below such oratorical luminaries as Senator Borah or half a dozen others, can make an effective speech on occasion—provided he is discussing some issue upon which he has definite convictions to voice. He has demon-

strated an ability to hold his temper under fire and is master of the rough and tumble repartee which breaks out now and then in congressional debates.

Long years of congressional service have brought both Curtis and Garner to a realization that compromise is the basis of action in national legislation. Both have always maintained the closest of relations with the leaders of the opposing parties. Curtis as Republican floor leader and Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic floor leader and opposing vice-presidential candidate in 1928, would always be counted upon to get together and iron things out amicably when action was essential in the Senate.

Garner's personal friendship for his bitterest political antagonist, the late Speaker Longworth, has become a national tradition, and the session recently ended found the Speaker and Republican Floor Leader Snell of New York on friendly terms—save for a few occasions when the tempers of both were somewhat frayed by wholesale desertions from the ranks of their respective followers.

In their more youthful days, according to accepted Washington tradition, both Garner and Curtis were reputed to be among the best of many expert congressional exponents of the great American game of poker. In fact, there are so many points of similarity between the two that it is difficult to find a logical reason why the Democrats do not start a barrage against the possibility that Curtis might succeed to the Presidency—an antidote, perhaps, to the current Republican attack on Garner. However, it is sometimes a disappointing quest to look for logic in politics.

A SALESIAN HOLIDAY

By D. H. MOSELEY

"GO TO Vevey," said the doctor as he put his stethoscope into his pocket. O blessed prescription! To loiter in a garden full of roses and look at blue Lake Leman and the snow-capped Dent du Midi. To cross the lake and visit the Savoy Alps and Annecy and Thorens and Thonon and Les Allinges and the countryside beloved of Saint Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva. The Other Pilgrim, interested, raised her head and exchanged glances with me.

"Go to Vevey and sit," continued the doctor. "No traveling, remember."

And June found us in the rose garden. With Fabre-like zeal, I watched the comings and goings of honey bees. According to Saint Francis de Sales, their Alpine ancestors, when buffeted by a wind, lifted tiny pebbles and clung to them as they went about their pursuits. You remember the passage in the "Introduction to the Devout Life" in which he advised Philothea to cling to charity in a like manner. I was forced to conclude either that the breeze was not strong enough to war-

rant the ballast, or else that the objects of my observation were determined Calvinists, and, as such, refused to verify the gentle saint's natural history.

Sometimes I wearied of the garden: there were so many roses; and the pebble paths were so trim. Then I got my shade hat and scrambled up Mont Pelerin which towered above it. The bees stayed among the flowers. But Saint Francis de Sales went along. He spoke oftener than you would have expected, calling my attention to the "spiritual mushrooms" and the tiny wild strawberries, or illustrating one of his favorite teachings by means of the white butterflies. Occasionally I forgot him. The peasants were at work in the vineyards. The women bent over tying the vines with soaked straws, their scarlet-kerchiefed heads bobbing up and down among the leaves; the men, clad in blue, sprayed the vines with blue liquid.

Frequently I sat on one of the stone walls that separate the vineyards and looked down on the shining lake and away to the rose-grey mountains of Savoy. I had begun to know Savoy, thanks to the lives of

Saint Francis by M. Hamon and Monsignor Julien and Victor Giraud's "Sainte Jeanne de Chantal" read on our sunny balcony. I had envisaged the castle at Thorens in which the saint was born and where he spent much of his blissful childhood, and I had mental pictures of the Annecy of his youth, of the fortress of Les Allinges where he lived during the early months of his apostleship in the Chablais, and of Thonon, the stanch Calvinist city that was his first great conquest.

Scarcely content with an imaginary setting, I had pored for unconscionable hours over a yellow-backed time-table. No use. It would certainly be traveling if one went from Vevey to Annecy, and Saint Francis would never encourage a forbidden pilgrimage.

From our green-railinged balcony we could see the casino at Evian aglimmer in the sun. I looked at it one day and suggested that we go to Evian. The Other Pilgrim was ready to demur when I named a tea party as the objective of the boat trip. She did not drink tea.

"But you could have bread and honey. And the lake is lovely this afternoon," I persuaded.

When the little boat landed, automobiles were standing in the shade on the quay. Perhaps I had thought it out first—one's inspirations are often more carefully planned than one suspects—but be that as it may, when a chauffeur in a linen duster opened the door of his car, he heard, "À Thonon, s'il vous plaît. Nous voulons visiter l'église de Saint Hippolyte."

We passed the sparkling casino and took the main road. Were we to forego the party and be content with recalling what Saint Francis said about honey in the "Traité de l'Amour de Dieu"? Perhaps. We went too fast to note the diminutive rosemary and thyme in which he believed that the bees found the sweetest nectar, but we could see through the tall poplar trees that cast long shadows before us, other flowers, poppies and daisies and clover, in fields where peasants were turning hay. Soft, curly, white clouds, the kind peculiar to the French landscape, floated against the blue sky, and, now and then, we had glimpses of high mountains and the glistening lake.

Presently we crossed the Drance, the river that Saint Francis traversed on an icy plank in order to say Mass on the bank that did not belong to Thonon. In a moment we were in the city, in another in the dark, musty Church of Saint Hippolyte. Here, on Christmas, 1596, our saint offered the first midnight Mass that the citizens had heard in decades. Here, too, he preached with effectual gentleness.

After we had climbed over stones and masons' materials in the new building rising next door, the Basilica of the Doctorate of Saint Francis de Sales, we crossed the square to a small book shop in which an ample, motherly person presided.

"Is it very far to the old fortress of Les Allinges?" I asked.

"Not very." She smiled. "My grandfather lived

near there. Many's the time I've walked it. I could not do it now, I'm too old. But you could."

Of course I had dressed for tea at Evian and looked younger than I might have if the pilgrimage had not been impromptu, but the assurance was certainly worth another "Vie de Saint François de Sales." We bought one without delay.

"Let's go to Les Allinges," I then suggested to the chauffeur.

He was delighted. "It costs a hundred francs from Evian to Les Allinges and back," he cautioned.

"But you know the road?"

"Ah, oui, Madame."

And we started. From miles away we could see the castle ruin on its hill. Did Saint Francis, on his daily walk to and from it, cut across the fields, or did he follow the route that we took? I fancied that he went, as we went, through villages where women held their children in the doorways, or interrupted their gossip at the fountain to shoo their chickens out of danger.

Finally we turned through a narrow village street, into a shady lane, and began a steep, rocky ascent. A religious, who wore a floppy straw hat over her veil, came tripping down the hill accompanied by a stalwart young girl in a pink dress who waved and shouted, "It is not prudent to drive further."

The chauffeur, prudent child of Saint Francis, stopped.

"You will back the car into the shade and see that Madame is comfortable?" I demanded.

"Ah, sûrement!"

And, remembering the faith of the buxom shopkeeper, I began to climb to the fortress. My grandfather had not lived there. And I had on party shoes. But lack of preparation remote or immediate should never daunt a pilgrim. Up and up I went until at last I reached the ivy-covered ramparts and stood entranced by the view of the Lake of Geneva and the Swiss Alps.

Saint Francis, when he had said Mass the morning after his arrival, lingered here, his elbows on the parapet of the bastion, and mourned at the sight of the wrecked churches and convents in the villages that dotted the plain of the Chablais. Reluctantly, I turned from the scene on which he looked toward what seemed to be a convent built like a hive in the ruins of the garrison. Chickens were scratching in the hard soil of the courtyard, and a wee, blinking kitten sat on a white-washed wall, but there was not a human being in sight. A shady porchway and an open door tempted me, and, in a minute I was in a tiny dark chapel where a red light burned before the tabernacle. I was not alone at Les Allinges after all.

And all the while there was no sound save that of water tumbling down the mountainside, and presently, when I began the descent, the buzzing of bees. A bee left the field of blue gentian and pink trefoil that bordered the path and escorted me. Was it sent by Saint Francis to teach something about charity or prayer or

about the indiscretion of going to Les Allinges when one should be in tidy Vevey?

We recalled the doctor's advice when we informed the reception clerk of the Hôtel d'Angleterre at Annecy that we were not traveling, but were staying at Vevey; that we had decided to lunch at Sion, had changed our minds at Martigny and gone to Chamonix instead, and discovering a bus there marked "Annecy" had taken it innocent of luggage. We wanted rooms, please, and we wished to see everything in the city associated with Saint Francis.

Pilgrims should have a staff and shell if they cannot boast a valise. Here were two absolutely unencumbered. The clerk met the emergency with an air of polite bewilderment. I had Bankers' Cheques in my purse, and suggested that perhaps . . .

"Mais non, Madame!" He was merely considering which rooms would suit us.

I was totally unprepared for the quaintness of *petit Nussy*, for the narrow thoroughfares with deep, black-shadowed arcades over the sidewalks, for the many canals and the fast-flowing, oddly-bridged river Thiou, for the sudden, alluring glimpses of grey-green mountains and silvery lake. I soon found the spot where the Collège d'Eustache Chapuis once stood, and the neighboring Church of Saint Maurice in which Francis de Sales made his First Communion and was confirmed on December 17, 1577. Children were saying the rosary when I entered, their voices clear and high; old women in rusty black were at prayer; they were probably the mothers of *chasseurs alpins*, "Blue Devils," who gave their lives for France.

After a little while I went on to the silent, grey cathedral where Francis was ordained and celebrated his first Mass, and where he officiated as bishop. Here he preached the simple sermons which his father, ambitious for his good name, begged him to embellish with learned quotations. Poor M. de Boisy! Like Monna Lapa of Siena, he knew that being the parent of a saint had its drawbacks. Out again in the warm sunshine, an improvident pilgrim, perched like a beggar on the cathedral steps, I gazed on the Maison Lambert in which Saint Francis wrote the "Introduction." He must have passed here often, pondering the question of meekness to ourselves:

Raise up your heart then again whenever it falls, but fairly and softly; humbling yourself before your God through knowledge of your own misery, but without being surprised at your fall.

In the arcaded rue Sainte-Claire, I discovered the gaunt mansion in which the "Traité" was written. It seemed a strange setting for the composition of that lyrical treatise until I stood and listened to the river Thiou which was rushing against its very walls. The exquisite words were written to the accompaniment of running water.

We lunched under the trees in the hotel garden on golden melon and other succulent things. There was

old Beaune on its side in a cobwebby basket, and . . . But surely Saint Francis would urge me to pity.

In the afternoon, I followed Saint Jane de Chantal up the well-named rue de la Providence to the Maison de la Galerie, the first Visitation convent. In the seventeenth century a covered gallery bridged the street, admitting from the house to the orchard on the further side. From the spot which it spanned there is a charming view. I wondered if Saint Jane and her companions tarried to look across the roughly tiled roofs to distant blue mountains. Probably they were too eager to enter their cloistered home to pause for a glance. But I paused. I did not enter. I sat down under a pink oleander and revelled in being outside. It was easy enough to imagine what the interior was like when Saint Francis, their *Monseigneur*, visited them and changed the fashion of the veils that they had cut from an old gown, by rounding them with the scissors.

I would have liked to see *Monseigneur* instructing his spiritual daughters in the orchard across the way. Doubtless the bees came in for their share of the discourses, especially in spring when the trees were laden with sweet fruit blossoms warmed by the sun. But there was not a saint in sight, or even a sinner, so I contented myself by making a crooked sketch of the crooked street on my passport case, and wondering if it was almost time to drive to the new Visitation monastery where we were to end our pilgrimage at Saint Francis's tomb.

Childhood

A slow and fiery bird, the sun
Flew upward, and the dark was done;
A bronze-voiced locust stretched his throat
Into a long and tightened note,
And morning shook with myriad sound:
A silver cricket; three crows bound
Toward upper woods; wild bees in clover;
And flinging a swift-winged shadow over
The grass, a meadow-lark who fell
Into her hidden nest. The spell
Of sun lay wide upon the hill;
I ran beneath the light until
Laughter rose within my heart
And pushed its fragile walls apart!

Summer, like a furious tide,
Broke upon the mountainside,
And, lifted in a blossoming foam,
Swept upward from the aching loam;
Standing with glad and outstretched hands,
I cried to all the golden lands,
Beholding beauty with such faith
As will outlast the touch of death,
Beholding without doubts or fears
The burning summers of my years,
Knowing such happiness and pain
As will not come to me again. . . .

FRANCES FROST.

PATHETIC NATIONALISM

By CARLETON BEALS

IN A WORLD so intelligently organized that men starve because there is too much to eat, where men idle because there is too much steel, coal and copper for manufacturing, when men stay home because there is too much rubber and petroleum for automobiles and engines; at a time when our rugged Washington Solons see the only solution to be a stiff upper lip till men have starved and idled long enough, backward Mexico valiantly contributes to the world's salvation by doing its share of starving. As most of Mexico's population has gone wofully underfed for at least four centuries, this is no particular sacrifice. But Mexico, by doing its best to be hungry as much as possible and produce as little as possible, is an important Hoover ally for prosperity's return.

Mexico is the world's largest silver producer, third in copper, fourth in gold, until a few years ago, second in petroleum, and important for zinc, lead and tropical products. Though Mexico's total exports are worth less than the eggs laid by American hens, she is an important world factor in the lines mentioned, for in these days of interlocking depression, conditions in one industry greatly affect every activity.

But, however hard hit by present conditions, Mexico's decline began years ago. Even before the United States discovered the magic road to prosperity and national solvency, Mexico had dropped from the second to seventh of oil countries. Her oil industry was smashed at the very peak of the world's prosperity; ditto henequen, ditto mining. Silver and gold mines have now closed down; Guanajuato and Pachuca are dreary ruins. Other industries in the doldrums, Mexico's exports show diminution.

The real joker in the deck is the noble plan of Mexico's "revolutionary" politicians to forge the Mexican nation. The country is imitating and improving upon the exaggerated and egoistic nationalism of the great civilized powers. And in these new long pants Mexico looks ridiculous.

Before Lenin and Trotsky founded utopia, Mexico had a glorious—and costly—revolution. Porfirio Díaz, after thirty-four years of Roman peace, was overthrown, and his successors kept on being overthrown. Francisco Madero wanted effective suffrage and no reelection. Ricardo Flores Magón wanted an anarchist-syndicalist paradise. Emiliano Zapato wanted lands. Pancho Villa wanted fighting. Alvaro Obregón wanted everything everybody wanted. One-time shoeless Plutarco Elías Calles wanted a workers' republic with bourgeois trimmings, then wanted "law and institutions," then wanted what Ambassador Morrow wanted, and now wants merely to enjoy his vast possessions in peace.

Aside from a few hundred thousand Indians grow-

ing corn on what were once good sugar-cane lands, a few thousand rural school-teachers earning thirty cents a day to teach Spanish to illiterate Indians in thatched roof, dirt-floor huts out in the hills, the net result has been a change of yokes concealed by incessant hurrahing about nationalism—Mexico's sacred rights, righteousness and God-given importance.

In the Cabinet is an uncle of Plutarco Elías Calles; the post-office is run by a half-brother of Calles; the state of Sonora by a son of Calles; other high posts, such as public charities and the police department, are controlled by other relatives of Calles and his wife, and of President Ortiz Rubio. For the peace of mind of this family and the military circle, all political activities have been channelized into the National Revolutionary Party, a rigid governmental bureau of political control to which all public employees must contribute 2½ percent of their wages. The daily paper run by this bureau, *El Nacional* (but a short time ago *El Nacional Revolucionario*, now merely "a popular daily") conducts furibund campaigns to promote Mexican nationalism and native industry.

"Mexico for the Mexicans" capitalizes a real Mexican sentiment, for the country is thirsting for unity after Díaz's pro-foreign régime and after prolonged civil strife. The intense local patriotisms, due to illiteracy, and to geographic and cultural isolation, have created an intense though ignorant distrust of the outsider from over the hill. The present Mexican rulers have fostered this into hatred of the foreigner; they have elevated provincialism into a national creed, with all our own rigamarole of high tariffs, immigration red-tape and deportation of undesirable aliens, many of whom seem to be Americans.

Mexico was going somewhere under Díaz, putting a European façade on the old Indian teocalli. The country was opening mines, building railroads, founding new industries, stimulating the investment of foreign capital. It forgot to modernize the baronial land-system, and abused the peon—a fundamental contradiction. But the régime got somewhere.

Despite many blind circles in the fog, the Madero-Calles revolution was also going somewhere. It tried to give lands, tried to educate the people, rectified Díaz's too lavish generosity to the foreigner. But it went astray. It put a drop of nectar in a gallon of ipecac, and the turbid residue is unenlightened hatred of the foreigner, a grotesque national pride. The revolution has ended up in the cul-de-sac of a false patriotism.

Several possibilities were conceivable: Mexico might have tried to be herself, to have stressed her essential Indian culture, living simply, encouraging handicrafts, seeking that ideal of machineless men

which Stuart Chase, thumbing the pages of Redfield's "Tepoztlán," found almost rhapsodically perfect in one isolated corner. Or Mexico, aided by foreign capital, might have continued industrial development while increasing guarantees for its citizens. The country might have gone Bolshevik, instituting state capitalism *à la* Russia, strenuously promoting industrialization, importing foreign experts, but retaining control of all resources. Or Mexico might have embarked upon Fascist capitalism, vigorously promoting private industry, subordinated to national defense and national evolution.

The so-called revolution tried all these nostrums; during the upheaval all these latent tendencies had a partial fling. Today Mexico is ideologically bankrupt, its energies depleted after so much strife, suffering from contemporary world bankruptcy, but filling the vacuum of its failure with shouts of patriotism.

A few fairly modern Mexican industrialists and landed proprietors, such as Calles, have climbed on top of the heap. Foreign capital is marking time. The rest of the country's industry, not on the political bandwagon, is being shoved to the wall. Mexico is closest to the Fascist capitalist tendency, save that the promoting of native enterprise is not a patriotic effort to provide a rounded national economy, but is restricted to a few political favorites, monopolizing privileges. A Primo de Rivera régime. Calles, for instance, works his model Santa Barbara hacienda with soldiers. There is no labor problem; he can compete effectively. Special governmental privileges give favorites an edge on all business competitors, who are harrassed by demagogic labor agitation and legislation which does not benefit the lower classes but facilitates bureaucratic meddling, red tape and graft. Independent enterprise can't flourish.

Mexico's present drive against foreigners is thus purely negative and ruinous, not complementary to any understandable economic program. Though pronounced against Americans, its most spectacular aspects have been the persecution of Jews and Chinese, both industrious law-abiding elements, who have been murdered, robbed, put out of business, deported, subjected to foul press attacks and vicious racketeering. The National Revolutionary Party, which recently staged bitter anti-Catholic demonstrations, printed propaganda against Jewish merchants under the picture of the Virgin, to add religious intolerance to the crusade.

The papers are full of misrepresentative articles regarding the maltreatment and deportation of Mexicans from the United States, when the truth is, whatever the isolated cases of injustice, that American charity organizations have voluntarily paid the fares of thousands of starving Mexicans back to their own country. One paper published a photograph of miserable Mexican living quarters in the United States; amusingly enough, they were palatial compared to the homes of 90 percent of Mexico's population. These untruth-

ful accounts I have traced back, in various instances, to official inspiration.

Though Mexico pretends to wish tourist traffic and spends money in propaganda, she is also moved by counter-feelings. Foreigners are subjected to irritating and humiliating registration. Red-tape makes travel burdensome, and tourists are exposed to possible insult, official or otherwise. A tourist who overstays his time is subject to a fine of from 50 to 2,000 pesos, arbitrarily imposed by immigration officials. A tourist wishing to extend his stay, in order to comply with the law must provide a health certificate, a bond of 500 pesos, difficult to get back, proof of his reasons for remaining, proof of his financial solvency, a process requiring at least twenty visits to government offices with waits of from four hours to a whole day. The wise man keeps away from Mexico these days.

The foreign business man, petty or large, is constantly harrassed by bureaucratic inspectors and by other official molestations. The attitude of the ex-Minister of Foreign Relations, Genaro Estrada, is typical. He and his wife found their purchased Pullman berth already sold at an earlier station and had to sit up. For this carelessness of a Mexican employee, the company was fined 50,000 pesos. Official intrigue soon stirred up a declaration of a Pullman strike. The papers blazoned with headlines about the iniquitous foreign company which exploited the country without providing efficient service. As a matter of fact, the Pullman company for years has maintained one of its crack through services from St. Louis to Mexico City at a loss.

So elaborate are the regulations of industry that if completely carried out they would cost more than industry's increment. Such legislation is enforced against foreigners, but the foreign worker is denied its protection.

Before a foreigner embarks on any undertaking, he must sign away all right of appeal to his government in case of injustice. To discharge an employee, the employer must pay him three months' wages, plus twenty days for each year the man has been employed, plus—in the case of servants—an arbitrary amount for food, plus other items. Recently a doctor discharged, rather than have arrested, a defaulting collector. The labor board obliged him to pay the man, in addition to loss of funds, 22,000 pesos, of which amount the labor board of course received no rake-off. The doctor happened unfortunately to be an American. Anyone who would invest money in Mexico today is a poet, not a business man.

These and other abusive practices have helped cause the decline of industry, making Mexico's foreign trade less in real value than under Díaz in 1910. The ostensible efforts in behalf of the worker are far from bona fide. Since the latter part of Calles's administration, through those of Portes Gil and Ortíz Rubio, legitimate labor organizations have been ruthlessly smashed, the leaders jailed, their papers suppressed. Within the

year, Saturnino Cedillo, who has long posed as an outstanding agrarian leader, had striking school-teachers, whose salaries were six months in arrears, arrested, and after much maltreatment, shanghaied to one of his numerous vast haciendas where men and women were put to forced menial labor. Some of them "disappeared" entirely.

Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow came to Mexico with an olive branch. He scrubbed the oil stench off diplomatic relations, pulled us back from the brink of intervention, helped Mexico balance her budget, put a quietus on Catholic revolt, for all of which he deserves unstinted praise. Nevertheless he failed to create real Mexican friendliness toward the United States and sacrificed a number of broader American interests.

Undoubtedly Mexico, so long abused by us, could not be expected to lay aside overnight so many decades of justified bitterness; but that anti-American feeling should be exaggerated, officially and otherwise, is a queer turn. Certainly, despite Morrow and his worthy successor, Reuben Clark, the United States is probably disliked as heartily in Mexico as in Japan; and Clark, whole-heartedly friendly to Mexico, one of the most honest and scholarly American representatives abroad since Benjamin Franklin, is today utterly unable properly to protect American rights.

Friendly relations are too precious to be wantonly upset, but the truth should serve to correct tendencies which otherwise will inevitably bring new conflict. These phenomena in Mexico are symptoms of what have occurred in all colonial countries trying to emerge into nationhood. Mexico should be truly for Mexicans, and Mexico's fanatical nationalistic campaign might be considered inevitable, bad growing pains—if Mexico were really growing. But the persecution of foreigners smacks too much of spite for Mexico's failure to set her own house in order.

For, after nearly two decades of civil war, the coun-

try lacks the stamina, knowledge or initiative to putty up the cracks, let alone start on the upgrade. Oil wells, mines and factories have closed. Mexico must import gasoline and lubricants. The railroads do not meet expenses; the ports go undredged. Boats can scarcely get in and out of Tampico; Salina Cruz is completely closed to commerce, the Tehuantepec railroad is practically out of business. The government is two months behind in its pay roll. When world production picks up, some of these conditions will automatically be bettered. But to catch up with the rest of the world, Mexico needs to take five steps to other countries' one.

Personally I wish that Mexico might remain the rural village paradise, as in Tepoztlán, discovered by Redfield, and some years later by Chase, the only charming and significant side of Mexico. According to Chase, Tepoztlán needs only sanitation, education and what not, to be truly perfect. But sanitation means plumbing, modern scientific laboratories to make serums and medicines, factories to manufacture surgical instruments. These benefits are beyond the simple economy of Tepoztlán to purchase; they are dependent upon the whole interplay and development of the machine age and of science. Mexico cannot have her cake and eat it too. Nor will the world, however safe for democracy, stand calmly by while Mexico retreats into a bucolic Indian paradise.

Nor do present officials, so inflated with patriotism and meaningless revolutionary catch-words, wish Mexico to turn her back upon the Western world. They talk industry, progress and prosperity while successfully blocking all these desiderata. The country has fallen a pathetic victim of the false idols set up by the great nations. Mexico, trying to be civilized, is merely imitating slavishly the nationalistic antics of powerful foreign countries. Real patriotism does not consist in hating foreigners but in mutual utilization of knowledge and equipment.

LIBERALS ON THE CAMPUS

By RUTH K. BYRNS

AMONG the paltry spawn of the modern mind the most hypocritical and intolerant is the liberal. Of all the haunts of the liberal, the college campus is the favorite, and among all the varieties of liberals the most bold and blatant is the liberal-minded college professor.

The undergraduate liberal is conspicuous but harmless. He is easily recognized because he affects uncombed hair, or a flowing military cape, or perhaps a vivid green flannel shirt and a scarlet beret. He doesn't wear a green shirt because he likes green shirts but because the majority of students do not wear them. Whatever the majority do is conventional and he is a liberal and hence not conventional. Therefore he wears a green shirt. If the young iconoclast were consistent

enough to carry his line of reasoning into all his actions, he would avoid walking on the sidewalk, eating from dishes, sitting on chairs, and following the countless other conventions that determine human actions; but because he is a liberal he is never inconvenienced by any attempt at being consistent.

The liberal graduate student is less conspicuous for he doesn't affect the garb of the radical. He is too emancipated to rationalize a green shirt or a military cape, and satisfies his liberal cravings by infrequent patronage of the barber, by casual and inaccurate references to James Joyce or the Five-Year Plan, and by maintaining an intellectual freedom so complete that he ignores facts, common sense and all the rules of logical thought. He is a pale specimen with a decided

tendency to skulk, and he is very serious, for he is engaged in solving some problem, "an explanation of culture from the Freudian view" or something of the sort, which his creative genius can handle but which is too involved and subtle for the normal mind to follow. It is during the years of graduate illumination that some of the fact-free fancies of the liberal crystallize into opinions, theories, attitudes or "philosophies." Then the liberal is ready to become a college professor.

The faculty liberal represents the species at the highest peak of development. All the gropings of the undergraduate and the aspirations of the graduate are consummated when the liberal gains a safe and secure seat on the faculty of some liberal university; he becomes the ambassador of the liberal spirit. Well-fed, and placed in a position which commands at least the gestures of respect, the liberal grows in confidence, becomes bold, and assumes the characteristics which are common to all of his kind. The liberal in the psychology department can scarcely be distinguished from the liberal in sociology, literature or economics.

The outstanding characteristic of the liberal professor is his complete disregard of facts. The walrus-like sociologist who says that we have reached the maximum population limit that the world can support, continues his noisy teachings in the very face of the contradicting evidence that the world can produce more than man can use. He actually would not hesitate to teach the contradictions himself as two truths; if students questioned him, he would hurl at them confusing phrases about "differences being only quantitative" or "tendencies becoming mores." The liberal history teacher can explain the Civil War by expounding on Lincoln's indigestion and its effect on his actions. And so they may be found in every branch of learning, rejecting facts, retreating into meaningless jargon when questioned, and ignorantly lecturing along day after day like a barker at a carnival side-show.

The liberal professor always disparages what is sensibly considered good and honorable. He speaks of a "brave soldier," a "constant wife" or a "devoted son," with a sneer on his face and a tone in his voice which belittles. As might be expected, he accepts immorality as a "quest for experience," cowardice as "the strength of individual opinion," and crime as "interesting psychological phenomena." Here again the liberal is rationalizing as he did years before when he wore the green shirt: the virtues are conventional, as a liberal he cannot be conventional, he cannot approve of what is virtuous.

The liberal ever strives to be different—not to express himself, not to be original, not to be creative, but simply to be different. The liberal professor, consequently, attempts to say and do things unlike his respectable colleagues. As he is never a scholar or a constructive teacher, he must depend on doing the unusual, on surprising his classes, on amusing or shocking his pupils in order to gain and keep any sort of a clientele. Thus one sees him smoking a cigar between

the fragmentary sentences of his lecture, or spitting into a waste-basket during a seminar, or inviting his composition class to a speakeasy. That is why he bravely says that the world would be better today if the Mohammedans conquered Europe, and that religion is a soothing-syrup and church steeples modern totem poles. That is why he undermines the respect ordinarily given national and intellectual leaders and rejoices in some bit of dirty gossip about an Alexander Hamilton or a Grover Cleveland.

The most basic characteristic of the liberal is his complete and invincible intolerance; this quality underlies and helps explain all of his other traits. Although the very name which he has assumed carries with it the meaning of tolerance and broadmindedness, the liberal simply does not know what these words mean. To him his critics are fools, those who ignore him are stupidly blind, and his brother liberals are psychopathic. His inconsistent hatred of convention and his utter rejection of tradition are but a phase of his intolerance. His intolerance is a defense dogmatism more intensely developed than the dogmatism of any constructive teacher. Because the Catholic Church is the most clearly defined institution in the modern world, it represents to him all that he opposes and hence becomes his favorite target for lies and malicious attacks.

To the intelligently critical adult the liberal, be he a green-shirted sophomore or a be-spectacled professor, is not to be taken seriously. He is occasionally amusing, more often annoying, but never to be regarded as an authority or as a leader. If he were taken seriously, the liberal could not be a leader, for by his own definition he would be far too tolerant and broadminded to convince or convert others.

To the average uncritical undergraduate the liberal is a dangerous influence. Because he holds degrees and titles, because he is a dogmatic teacher of his own eccentric doctrines, and because his strange words and actions sometimes fascinate the student, the propaganda of the liberal professor is accepted earnestly and seriously. Religion, morals, mental happiness and character are the sacrifices which the liberal suggests. A steady stream of bewildered college boys and girls make the sacrifice and because of a half-realized resentment become dissatisfied, bitter and stupidly cynical. The liberal professor then shrugs his shoulders and dismisses them as "infant intelligence" or illustrations of reversion to the conventional culture pattern.

Bequest

Where is the woman that should complain of travail?
She, by her pangs, bequeathes the Pleiades,
These spinning hemispheres, air-dipt, land-dappled,
The gipsy brine of seas.

Many the women who go to clay unchilded.
Their lien is upon the skies afar,
But she who bears deeds breath unto another,
And has entailed a star.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

COMMUNICATIONS

A LAYMAN'S PLAINT

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Since "A Layman's Complaint" appeared in your columns, quite a controversy has arisen. The latest complaint comes from "A Pastor" who has charged physicians and lawyers, as a class, of having "a very dim idea of the fundamental truths of the Church."

May the humblest member of the New York Bar file a note of protest against this "libel" of the professions? What does the good pastor mean by "fundamental truths"? In Cullom and McHugh's "Blessed Be God," a prayer-book, and in the "Franciscan Almanac" for 1932, one finds such headings as "Every Christian Must Believe" and "Every Christian Must Do the Following Things." Does he think we have not read and believed these things, and have not tried to live up to them?

With all due respect to one on whom a direct descendant of the Apostles has laid his hands, may I ask him some questions?

When reading the lessons in Matins, in the Breviary, every day, do you have the Bible at your side? When a chapter or two is skipped from the previous day, do you read the intervening chapters, so as to make a complete reading of the Holy Scriptures once a year? Do you skip the fifth week of the month? Do you have a concordance, a Bible dictionary and an encyclopaedia handy, so as to get the correct historical setting for what you read? Is the "Cursus Scripturae Sacrae" your daily companion? Have you read the prophets and evangelists with Knabenbauer, and the Epistles with Cornely? Have you explored the Pentateuch with Hummelauer? Or are these things only done by seminarians?

When you come to the homilies, and find a sermon by Saint Augustine or Saint John Chrysostom, do you get out your edition of Migne and read the whole homily in the original?

When you come to the stories in the lives of the saints do you get out the "Acta Sanctorum"?

In making preparations for Mass, do you read Cardinal Schuster's "Sacramentary"?

In other words, is the Breviary used by you as an index for study, or is it the be-all and end-all of the business of the day—something that has to be done?

So far as the writer is concerned, he has always had two hours a day to give to the lessons of the Breviary, and he has always used it (the Breviary) as an index and guide.

What the intellectual layman needs is "The Catholic Encyclopedia," a Bible dictionary and concordance, a commentary, a set of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, and the "Acta Sanctorum," together with the Liturgy of the Church. He can get great pleasure and instruction out of an hour or two a day devoted to them.

WILLIAM M. RUSSELL.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The New York pastor's "complaint" that the Catholic graduates of higher institutions of learning are "shocking," gives rise to another issue which is seemingly the outcome of a discussion that was taken up originally in good faith and defended in like manner on both sides.

The advanced education of some laymen and the audience situation confronted by the preacher are of course two situations that are hard for anyone to overcome. But the pastor infers that the majority of Catholic professional and college people reflect little or no knowledge of the fundamentals of Catholic belief.

Has the pastor ever considered how many of the Catholic

doctors and lawyers of his acquaintance and those others who are so sadly lacking in these foundations are graduates of Catholic colleges? When he says "average college or convent graduate," I assume he means Catholic college. A large number of our trained Catholic laymen have not been taught religion formally in any of the schools that they have ever attended, with the exception of that imparted at the Parish Sunday School at a time when their parents considered that sufficient to acquaint their offspring with the great and many truths of our religion.

Again, has he ever given thought to the fact that the ever so large number of people—Catholics too—enrolled in our larger institutions conducted under religious auspices never receive any formal instruction in religion whatsoever? The Catholics who attend our medical, law and graduate schools do not attend obligatory lectures on religion as students in the college divisions do.

Such topics as are mentioned—the Immaculate Conception, the Mass and the Real Presence—I should think the average priest, who has not just finished a seminary course or prepared a sermon on one or another, would hardly undertake to explain without some hesitation. I am quite sure that the technical explanations and scriptural proofs learned while at college by the average graduate would come hard to the cleric without preparation, however slight. His general answer would perhaps differ in no large way from that of the college graduate who studied his religion with the purpose of "giving a reason for the faith that is in him," with the possible exception of the illustrations and correlations presented by his daily work.

The complaint seems to center about the "college graduate." A more minute observation or check by the pastor will, I hope, convince him that all educated Catholics, and people educated in Catholic institutions of higher learning, may not by any means be classified as average Catholic College graduates.

E. J. G.

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor: Apropos of "A Layman's Complaint," I think it happens only too frequently that these "catechetical instructions" are not simple enough. Doubtless many of these instructions teem with catechetical terms and latinisms, worn out and trite, because of having been so often repeated and imperfectly understood. We are all familiar with such terms and expressions as "supernatural gift," "chief effects of Redemption," "infallible authority," "divine nature and substance," "supernatural life," "motives which spring from faith," but how many people know precisely what these and similar terms mean? Too many catechetical instructions abound in the use of such terms. The tragic result is that although such instructions may teach catechism, yet, even though perennially indulged in, they teach little or no religion—to say nothing of being tiresome.

Translate these technical terms and latinisms into simple and intelligible English, using only such words that are well within the mental grasp of men and women of average education, and these same tiresome catechetical instructions become interesting and worthy of the name of being an "instruction." The great and sublime truths of our religion do not need to be expressed in the "persuasive words of human eloquence," to be attractive; but it is required that they be expressed in intelligible language, to be understood. And let it be remembered that it is unreasonable to expect men and women who have not studied their religion out of a Latin textbook to understand technical terms bodily taken from its text. For this reason I repeat that too many catechetical instructions are tiresome and uninteresting because of not being simple enough.

REV. JOSEPH A. NEWMAN.

BOOKS

The Embattled Theory

Evolution and Religion, by Reverend John A. O'Brien. New York: The Century Co. \$2.50.

THE CHIEF question which this work will endeavor to answer is this: "Granting, for the sake of the discussion, that the facts establish evolution as a scientific generalization—which like all the other laws of science without exception are [sic] tentative and subject to modification whenever new evidence is discovered—what are the philosophical and religious implications flowing from it? Does such a conclusion of science conflict in any manner with atheistic interpretation of nature and the universe? In other words, does it render the need for a supreme intelligence less imperative than ever before?"

These questions have been asked and answered many times in Catholic circles. Back in the seventies, the famous English Catholic biologist, St. George Mivart, suggested that organic evolution—including man—might be reconciled with Catholic doctrine by distinguishing between man's body and soul, the one produced by natural laws working in a process of evolution, the other not. And although Mivart later ran afoul of the ecclesiastical authorities, it was not for this position on evolution. Mivart sent his book, "The Genesis of Species," to Pius IX, and the Pope made him an honorary Doctor of Philosophy, no less orthodox a personage than Cardinal Manning presenting the degree. In the nineties, Father Zahm, president of Notre Dame, went into the problem in considerable detail in lectures before the Catholic Summer School on Lake Champlain, which were afterward published under the title "Evolution and Dogma." Ten years or so later, Father Eric Wasmann, the eminent German Jesuit, stated very clearly, in "The Catholic Encyclopedia": "That God should have made use of natural, evolutionary, original causes in the production of man's body, is per se not improbable, and was propounded by Saint Augustine." More recently, Monsignor Kolbe ("Holism and Catholic Philosophy") and Messenger ("Evolution and Theology") have carried on this line of thought. Even Father Barry O'Toole, writing *ex professo* as an anti-evolutionist, in his book, "The Case against Evolution," admits that there is nothing in Scholastic philosophy necessarily inconsistent with the scientific theory of evolution.

Such being the case, one may ask, "Why the need of another book on this same question?" And the answer is twofold. First, in spite of the frequent statements to the contrary, many of our Catholic young people somehow get the conviction that the theory of evolution is a flat and necessary contradiction of Catholic dogma. Then later they go to some secular college or read secular papers, become convinced of evolution, and drift away from Catholicism. Repetition and reiteration, even of old stuff, is necessary to protect these young people.

But secondly, and more importantly, Father O'Brien has made several major contributions to the discussion. I rank these contributions under three heads.

Father O'Brien has approached the scientific evidence for evolution with more frank sympathy than any other Catholic author I know of—except perhaps Mivart. The blurb on the dust cover says that he "accepts the hypothesis of evolution." In a careful reading of the book, I failed to find a categorical acceptance, and Father O'Brien was careful to state his problem: "Granting, for the sake of the discussion, that the facts establish evolution as a scientific generalization." But be this as it may, Father O'Brien's sympathies evidently lie with evolu-

tion, and he nowhere masses the evidence against evolution as does Father O'Toole. This gives him an influence with evolutionists that those who squarely condemn it can never have.

Furthermore, Father O'Brien's study of the genesis and causes of the controversy between scientists and theologians regarding evolution is enlightening to both sides. "Why," he asks, "did this particular teaching of science arouse resentment from which the other teachings of natural science, such as the law of gravitation or the conservation of energy, were entirely free?" And he answers that it was because scientists, on the one hand, drew false philosophical conclusions from their scientific data; and on the other hand, theologians had made the Bible responsible for false scientific views. Father O'Brien has not followed the tactics of a political debater, who hides all the faults of his own side while throwing into relief every weakness of his opponent. Some Catholics will wince at the frankness with which he exposes such unfortunate accidents as the condemnation of Galileo. But this very frankness will make his exposition of such men as Huxley and Haeckel all the more convincing to the fair-minded scientist of today.

That this method—which incidentally was Newman's method—is effective is shown by the high praise accorded by one of the world's outstanding scientists, Professor Pupin of Columbia: "Dr. John A. O'Brien's book will be welcomed by all ardent students of the relationship which exists between science and religion. It has been my sincere belief for many years that this relationship should be the subject of a course of lectures in our American colleges. But the embarrassing question always met me, where to find teachers who are competent to conduct such a course. . . . Dr. O'Brien's book lays the foundation for the training of such teachers; it is therefore epoch-making. His masterly review of the history of science and of theology reads like a romance; it will certainly be enjoyed not only by the advanced scholars but also by undergraduate students and even by people of less advanced educational training."

But high as is this praise, it is no higher than that of Dr. Souvay in his introduction. I quote the concluding paragraph: "Dr. O'Brien has written a book which, read and pondered over by scientist, philosopher, theologian and layman alike, will, by flooding their minds with the purest and brightest light, bring them nearer to God. The reader must judge for himself. To him, I say simply and confidently: *Tolle, lege*, and go resolutely whither it lead you."

Even those Catholics who disagree with Father O'Brien's estimate of the evidence for evolution, may well agree with Dr. Souvay, whose words carry all the more weight as coming from a conservative professor of Sacred Scripture and president of one of our leading seminaries. Such an introduction, coupled with the imprimatur of his own bishop, are sufficient pledge that Father O'Brien has not gone beyond sound Catholic teachings.

And, finally, Father O'Brien states the case for intelligence and design more persuasively than anyone else I know. Nearly one hundred pages are devoted to this theme under the chapter headings, "Mechanics and Purpose of Nature," "Natural Selection and Purpose," "Life Mechanistic or Purposive?," "The Philosophical Implications of Adaptation." All, whether evolutionists or anti-evolutionists, should be grateful for the convincing way in which he has marshaled the very facts adduced for evolution as demanding an intelligent Creator.

This is not to say, however, that Father O'Brien has said the final word on the problem of evolution and Catholic dogma. Father O'Brien would be the last one to claim that he had, for he states quite frankly: "The problem of mental evolution,

the emergence of consciousness, and the metaphysical problem of the human soul, interesting and fascinating as they are, will not be raised here. They can, we think, be treated more effectively in a separate volume which we hope to prepare at a later date." The real problem lies here. Inorganic evolution is now frankly accepted in Catholic circles. And organic evolution, in spite of strong opposition, has been said again and again not to be essentially in conflict with Catholic teaching. But no Catholic has yet treated in anything like the completeness it deserves the quest of mental evolution, of "mind in the making." May the reception of this volume be such as to encourage Father O'Brien to carry out his intention of writing another book. For when he tackles that question, he will be doing pioneer work, blazing a path where he has had no predecessors.

J. ELLIOT ROSS.

Mostly Truffles

The Life of George Eliot, by Emilie and Georges Romieu; translated by Brian W. Downs. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. \$3.75.

THE SKETCHY biographies which are so popular today show, one and all, the same characteristics. A staccato utterance, a series of pictures vividly portrayed, a wash of sentimentality, and a complete absence of literary or artistic criticism. In addition to these universal, or almost universal, traits, this last life of George Eliot is wantonly exuberant. The girl, Mary Ann Evans, was no doubt very different from the long-faced, solemn-looking, fifty-year-old George Eliot; but to describe her as having "luxuriant hair, a clear eye, a fresh cheek, and a swelling lip as appetizing as a ripe gooseberry," is to make us turn with relief to the older woman. Neither do we believe that the farmer's daughter "caressed with a voluptuousness she had never yet known her pats of butter." Butter-making is hard work, not an indecorous parlor game.

The two important personal events in George Eliot's life, her relinquishment of religion, and her illegal, but sober and serious, alliance with Mr. George Henry Lewes, are told with sympathetic overemphasis. Today when anyone leaves his church or changes his creed, he writes all about it to the *Atlantic Monthly*; but this outlet, which would so well have suited Miss Evans was unhappily denied her. The magazines of her day had not arrived at such a pitch of intimacy. As for her life with Mr. Lewes, about which no one is disposed to be unduly censorious, it is absurd to say: "She asked for no happiness for herself." She asked for what she wanted, which was Lewes. She got him, and he was worth the getting. An unselfish, untiring little guardian of a successful novelist, he gave to her intelligent appreciation and constant care. He protected her from outside annoyances and from household trials. He saw to it that no chilly criticisms of her books ever reached her eye. He wrote her letters. He did everything but darn her stockings. Then he died, and the French biographers tell us: "He was buried amid all the rites of the Church, and a great concourse of people." It sounds impressive; but readers of Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Confidences," will remember his description of that same funeral. There was, he says, a little party of twelve, "mostly rationalists," in the mortuary chapel of Highgate cemetery. "A brief discourse was delivered by a Unitarian clergyman, who half apologized for suggesting the possible immortality of some of our souls."

George Eliot's second marriage with John Cross was not devoid of a comic element; but there, too, she got what she wanted, and was well content. "In her," says Mr. Brownell,

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"the idiosyncrasies of sex were particularly developed." What seems to be too often overlooked by champions and defamers is the fact that she wrote some remarkable novels. They were overestimated in her lifetime, and they suffered from an inevitable reaction after her death. But the best of them are of lasting stuff. "The Mill on the Floss" is a charming book, if we do not wait until we are too old to read it; and not many better stories have been told than "Silas Marner." A sermon—yes, but a sound sermon, well delivered; and any real study of life must carry its moral and its sting.

AGNES REPPLIER.

One Young Man

Challenge to Defeat, by William Harlan Hale. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

A NEW generation has come of age and here is its first spokesman. He objects strenuously to the despair that is so prominent in our modern vale of tears. He is flush with youth and hearty of mind, and sick, to the point of intolerance, of defeatist ideas and philosophy, such as are found in the work of Spengler, Russell and Krutch. He demands an affirmation of the good life. His program, aside from attacking pessimism and his belief in the regenerative value of Goethe, is rather vague though enthusiastic.

Probably never again in his life will Hale be so sure of ideas and of what is truth as when he wrote this book. He writes with remarkable force and grace, and he can generalize a century of existence, without doubt or need of qualification. He has decided that the key to modern distress—also the way out—may be discovered in studying the culture of the present with some reference to the past. So Hale reviews Goethe and finds hope there, and surveys Spengler and finds his contribution futile. From this start, he proceeds to debunk the Romantics of the nineteenth century, calling for objective thought and treatment of ideas and literary themes. The obvious fact that there will always be objective and subjective minds living at the same time, seems never to have occurred to him.

The general charge levied as Hale moves among the arts is that an escape from reality has been the general practice. He finds all the freaky movements in painting, music and poetry, escapes from reality. As Dadaism and other freakish theories are apart from the main stream, of small, if any, influence; his consideration of them amounts to setting up strawmen to bowl over. His comments on Wagner appear in keeping with the first reception Wagner received. His criticism is sound of Matthew Arnold's religious thought; he discarded theology for "culture," and looked for morals in literature. His review of the limits of scientific thought and the hope of its synthesis with imaginative minds contains many arresting suggestions. Among the contemporary writers, he recognizes the power of Proust, Joyce and Thomas Mann. His desire for a more hearty attitude toward life, upon the part of writers, finds satisfaction in Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel." Here, it would appear that he has discovered the "real" reflection of life, that he so diffusely and frequently mentions as necessary.

It would seem, though, that the modern collapse cuts much deeper into life than this spread eagle survey of culture. Hale's failure to estimate the social and economic phase of life suggests the idea that his challenge to defeat is happier in the cultured fields. But this may be pressing the point severely. He is stimulating and vital, and his generation has an articulate spokesman at twenty-one.

EDWIN CLARK.

The Will to Misbelieve

The Joy of Ignorance, by T. Swann Harding. New York: William Godwin, Incorporated. \$3.00.

WHAT Mr. Harding means by ignorance is not mere lack of knowledge but the belief in things that have no particular grounds for being believed—in short, superstition. On this score we have not much to commend us over the humblest villagers of Papua or Madagascar. Even those simple folk cannot be worse harried by their local hobgoblins and devil-devils than are we by halitosis, pink toothbrushes, intestinal flora and fauna, and other demons against whose attacks we need the protection of an expensive assortment of amulets and charms.

Others before Mr. Harding have remarked our prodigious reverence for anything and everything bearing the label "hygienic" or "scientific," and how ingeniously this has been exploited by our native witch doctors. For three generations our educational system has made pretty certain that no normal American adult shall ever suffer from hypertrophy of the critical faculty. Thus it is probably time well spent for Mr. Harding to prove the worthlessness of listerine, popular dentifrices, acidophilus milk, synthetic coffee, processed tobaccos and other frantically merchandised anting-antings against largely non-existent evils. He shows, on the basis of available knowledge, that you can do your body as well as your pocketbook some damage by thinking too earnestly about vitamins, roughage, leafy vegetables, physical culture and heliotherapy. He shows the outrageous insult to human intelligence inherent in eugenics.

It seems a pity that Mr. Harding should precede and follow so many interesting data and so much valuable common sense with a lecture on epistemology, which says very little. It is probably necessary to explain to expensively educated readers that science is not truth, but merely a method of subjecting certain kinds of beliefs to a rigid mathematical measurement. But to claim that acceptance of these measurements as infallible "will almost certainly produce more genuine human happiness in the end," seems a little removed from true scientific caution. It might be interesting to compare the statement quoted with C. E. Ayres's brilliant attack on science and scientific method.

JOSEPH MICHAEL LALLEY.

For Reference

Der Grosse Herder: Volume III: Caillaux-Eisenhut. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$9.50.

PREVIOUS volumes of the new German Catholic encyclopaedia of general knowledge have been reviewed most favorably in these columns. To me personally it seems that the latest one is by all odds the most attractive and helpful. Here is a solidly bound book of more than 1,600 pages, perfect of format and typography, which good editing has made serve all those purposes for which encyclopaedias were invented. No word has been wasted. The definitions are short, precise and yet amazingly thorough.

Volume III is especially interesting by reason of the rich and carefully selected illustrative material. The editors, of course, have retained their habit of inserting into the text itself photographs of objects and persons under discussion. But in addition there are important pictorial sections devoted, for example, to Christ in art, German art and general landscape. It is always pleasant to turn the pages; it is likewise uniformly profitable. No books now being published seem more worth owning. No one familiar with the German language will ever regret having made the moderate investment this work calls for.

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Briefer Mention

Renati Rapini Hortorum Libri IV; with an English translation by James Gardiner; edited by Irving T. McDonald. Worcester, Massachusetts: The Holy Cross Press.

PÈRE RENÉ RAPIN, seventeenth-century French Jesuit, was a voluminous writer, despite the fact that he remained almost to the end a fabulously busy man. His influence on English poetry is well known, though to be sure it was his theory rather than his performance which influenced others. Nevertheless he could lay claim to being a melodious versifier; and Mr. McDonald, acting in behalf of Holy Cross College, now offers a new edition of the "Hortorum Libri IV." The text is interesting not only because of the humanistic Latin of the original, but likewise (and particularly) by reason of the information it gives concerning the French garden of that time. To test its value one need only turn to the lines on tulips in Book I, which sing that flower's praise as well as afford a description of the hues then in vogue. Many worse books on landscaping now enjoy great popularity, and this one has added literary and historical importance. The volume is printed in a limited edition, with illustrations.

Head Tide, by Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

MR. LINCOLN has always scored his highest success with his backgrounds and characters—the Cape Cod country and the slightly eccentric men and women who inhabit it. Were it not for these, his plots in their conventionality would fail to carry the entire burden of his novels. "Head Tide" is no exception. Events are adeptly maneuvered to produce a conflict centering around a young stranger who inherits a newspaper; his love for the right girl is obstructed by his initial fascination for the stock-in-trade flirt; and the demand for payment of a note, invited by his courageous political opposition to those who hold it, does not materialize. This all works smoothly to an assured happy ending, meanwhile providing pleasant, if not exciting or exacting, reading.

Inviolable, by Helen M. Bulger. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

FRANCES DESMOND, driven into divorce and later in love with her doctor, finds her Catholicity too strong to permit its sacrifice. The author stands four-square behind the Church's doctrines and her only compromise toward a happy ending is a suggestion that God, in His good time, will grant Frances legitimate fulfilment of her love. Certain embellishments of plot tend to lift it from unoriginality, but the conflict lacks sharpening and considerable force is lost because the characters are too definitely aligned either with the sheep or the goats.

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR., is with the Washington Bureau of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

D. H. MOSELEY contributes articles to current magazines.

FRANCES FROST is an American poet.

CARLETON BEALS, writer and lecturer, has spent many years in Mexico as a student, instructor and editor, and is the author of "Mexico—An Interpretation" and other books.

RUTH K. BYRNS sends this article from Madison, Wis.

EILEEN DUGGAN is a Catholic poet of New Zealand.

REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS is the author of "Christian Ethics."

AGNES REPLIER is the author of many books, of which the latest are "Mère Marie of the Ursulines" and "Times and Tendencies."

EDWIN CLARK contributes literary criticism to contemporary periodicals.

JOSEPH MICHAEL LALLEY writes for magazines and newspapers.

PAUL CROWLEY is a translator and writer of literary comment.